

MAGAZINE FEATURES

THE NEWS SCIMITAR

DAILY COMIC PAGE

WHY'S TO BLAME

BY
ETHEL LLOYD PATTERSON

Whenever a person "sinks" you may be sure that he has a nature too small to admit itself in the wrong. People who are right never have to sink. One classifies the bird by its plumage.

CHAPTER No. 73.
An invitation.
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paper Syndicate.)
Probably Estrella would have asked the rest of the evening. She was utterly incapable of confessing herself in the wrong, and apparently the natural reason of such a nature is in suddenness. Or at any rate, people who are in the right never seem to sink. It isn't necessary, with them. Perhaps that was why Freddie so soon felt calm again after the few quick words that had passed between him and his wife. Indeed, he even began to feel a little sorry for her. To wonder to himself if his rebuke had been too sharp, justifiable though it was. Then the telephone bell rang. Estrella brightened at the first thought. Any diversion with her was better than no diversion. Freddie answered the ring. At once his voice rounded into the tones of happiness.

"Hello, Doll Baby," he said to his mother. "What do you think you're doing? Gosh, what a good idea to hear your voice."
There was a muffled answer. Estrella did not know. But in a moment Freddie turned from the telephone to her.

"Mother wants to know if we could dine with her next Saturday evening," he said. "She's having one or two others."
"That's silly, Freddie," said Estrella. "Of course we can! Here, let me speak to your mother." She took the transmitter from his hand. When she spoke there was no trace in her tone of the recent disturbance. As a matter of fact, she herself had at once forgotten it. Any promise of pleasure dangled before Estrella's vision was a cure for all her ills.

"We'd be pleased to come to dinner," Mother Mason said in her best manner. "And we thank you very much for asking us."
At the other end of the wire, Mrs. Mason writhed at the formality of the acceptance. It was hard for her to let a third person consent to allow her son to dine in a home that his mother still thought of as his. However—

"We'll be glad to see you, child," she replied as pleasantly as she could. "You might come at about half past seven if you will. I'm asking four or six other people."
Estrella wanted to ask who these other people were. She waited a moment, expecting that Mrs. Mason would go on and tell her more of "the party." In Marquette if one woman telephoned another that she was having guests for dinner, a long conversation naturally ensued. The guests,

LITTLE MARY MIXUP—Mom Just "Tore After Her!"



The Big Little Family—A Beautiful Sentiment in an Unfortunate Expression!



Mrs. Wilson Woodrow's Article

BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW.
The world-famous writer on vital subjects.

It's a funny thing, but it always happens just as life is going along pleasantly and happily, and suddenly we find ourselves at the crossroads. We spend sleepless nights trying to decide, and seek comfort in the subject, and the nearer the moment comes when we have to take the decision step the more we are aware of this. This is the quandary of a correspondent. She writes me that she and her sister were left orphaned at an early age, in possession of a comfortable little apartment and an equally comfortable little income. The latter was not quite enough for their needs, so they took a business training and secured excellent positions in the same office. Now the younger of the two is to be married, entirely with her sister's approval, and both she and her future husband have asked my correspondent to make her home with them. She says: "Through trying to take care of my little sister, looking after her schooling, etc., I have made no friends, but have depended on her for companionship. Now that they have asked me to live with them, I am in doubt about what to do and have not yet decided. I am very fond of her, but I hate to be alone, and yet I do not want to be an intruder."

Anyone who tries to lay down rules for the conduct of another person's life puts himself in the class of the fools who rush in where angels fear to tread. One can only discuss the matter in an abstract way. When Younger Sister marries she embarks on a new life with all sorts of new interests, hopes and plans which are shared only by her husband. He and she are living in their own world, and anyone else, no matter how near and dear to either or both, is necessarily an outsider. You may console yourself with affection and warmth it with sentiment, but the stark fact remains. No matter how welcome Elder Sister might be in that brand-new household, she would still be the fifth wheel to the wagon. It is not a role that is often successfully played.

It requires more tact to be a perfect guest than it does to be a hostess, and there's less excitement in it.

HOROSCOPE

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16, 1919.

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Saturn and Neptune rule strongly for evil today, according to astrology. In the evening Jupiter is in benefic aspect.

It is a wayward when there is likely to be much questioning of motives and bitter fault-finding.

Analysis is required to be encouraged during this configuration, which is supposed to foment discontent and to encourage labor troubles.

Saturn gives warning of revolutionary tendencies that will develop in many quarters on this side of the ocean. The severe dominating authority by right of political power or financial status should take counsel with leaders of the people.

This is not a fortunate day for agricultural interests as damage to certain crops is indicated.

Neptune is in a place read as exceedingly menacing for national serenity, as there is a prophesy that many wars will be raised to cause, wherever public men meet.

During this planetary direction work in iron and steel are supposed to be more than commonly susceptible to suggestion that makes for trouble.

During again, aware to be subject to sinister government of the planets. The stars that are held to increase desire for overcoming authority may affect workers, who may demand profit-sharing or other wage adjustments.

Public excitement and high feeling among the people of many cities are clouded by the planets.

There is a sign read as forecasting waste of public money and extravagance in governmental affairs, especially in cities.

Trades unions come under a rule that is declared beneficial. Growth in strength and influence is prognosticated.

Italy and France are both subject to a way that is not altogether fortunate. The culmination of Saturn is not altogether lucky for the king of England and the government.

Persons whose birthdate it is have the augury of successful year. They should guard against deception.

Children born on this day are likely to be generous and popular. Many inventors are born under this sign.

BAKER REACHES BREST.

BREST, April 15. (Havas)—Newton B. Baker, the American secretary of war, arrived in Brest at 2 o'clock last evening on board the American transport Leviathan from New York and arrived here at 10 o'clock.

Mr. Baker was received at the quay by Mr. Pershing. A large number of troops were lined up in honor of the secretary of war.

A Line On Men You Read About

William E. Borah, Republican senator from Idaho, who recently declared that he "would not support the league of nations idea even if Christ himself should incarnate it," is being named by the Republicans of this state as the U. S. P. candidate for president in 1920.

Borah has some rather large in Republican party circles since he was elected to the United States senate back in 1907. He was a member of the public national committee from 1908 to 1912. His political powers have made him a most effective campaign speaker. Although an ardent Roosevelt follower, Borah is identified himself with the Progressive party.

William Edgar Borah was born at Fairfield, Ill., June 29, 1855. He was educated at the Southern Illinois academy at Edward and at the University of Kansas. He was admitted to the bar in 1880 and practiced law for two years thereafter at Lyons, Kan. In 1881 he moved to Boise, Idaho, where he has since followed his profession.

Borah's friends believe that if he lived near the center of population he would stand an excellent chance of being nominated and elected to succeed President Wilson.

THE RESULTS COUNT.

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JOE'S CAR—The Only Thing Joe Is NOT Looking for Is WORK!



Ye Towne Gossip. You don't know us, but we know you. Nearly every day at noon you come to the restaurant where we work and eat your lunch. We are the waitresses, and every afternoon we read your column in the paper. We want you to tell us if you like us better than the men who used to wait on us. We will look for your answer in the paper. THE WAITRESSES.

DEAR WAITRESSES.

IF I told you the truth.

I MIGHT be poisoned.

BY A jealous waiter.

BUT ANYWAY.

I'LL TAKE a chance.

AND TELL you.

THAT FOR years and years.

I'VE BEEN (tipping waiters).

AND MOST of the time.

AND IN most cases.

I'VE HAD to do it.

JUST FOR the reason.

THAT THE waiter expected it.

AND IF I didn't do it.

I'D BE a piker.

AND I haven't the courage.

TO BE a piker.

THOUGH IT may be true.

THAT LOT'S of times.

I'D LIKE to be one.

AND RECENTLY.

AND SINCE the time.

THAT THE waitresses.

HAVE BEEN serving me.

THERE'S COME a change.

AND WHATEVER I leave.

ON THE little tray.

THAT BEARS the check.

IS FREELY left.

AND IT means my thanks.

FOR THE little things.

THAT ONLY a woman.

KNOWS HOW to do.

I THANK you.



UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE JUMPING ROPE.

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BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

Once upon a time when Uncle Wiggily Longears and his rabbit gentleman, was hopping along through the woods, not far from his hollow stump school, wondering what sort of a lollipop bush some jolly voices laughing and shouting.

"What's that? You didn't know there was such a thing as a lollipop bush? Why of course there is! A lollipop bush is one where they get the lollipops for the lollipops."

So Uncle Wiggily heard some jolly voices behind the lollipop bush, and one voice said:

"Now, I'm going to jump pepper!"

And I'm going to jump salt," said another voice.

"Think I'll jump sugar," said a third voice.

"My, this is very queer," thought the jolly "Jumping salt, pepper and sugar. This must be the grocery store at cutting up monkey-shine like."

So Uncle Wiggily peeked around the corner of the sugary bush, and there he saw Beekie Stubbart, the girl next door, and Jillie Longears, the mouse girl.

"Oh, ho! What are you three girls doing?" asked Uncle Wiggily, as he made them a low and polite bow with his tail, silk hat and cane.

"Jumping rope," said Susie.

"But what's all this talk of jumping salt, pepper and sugar?" the jolly wanted to know, as he saw that each of the animal girls had a piece of rope, made from a big old wild grape vine, in her paws.

"Oh, jumping rope is jumping very fast, Beekie," jumping salt is a little slower, and jumping sugar is slowest of all. We only jump sugar-lash when we are very tired."

"Well, I think you had better skip and jump your ropes along to school, or you may be late for the lady mouse teacher in the educational hollow stump school."

"Oh, well, I'll hop along to school with you," said Susie.

"But I can't do it," said Beekie. "I'll hop along to school with you."

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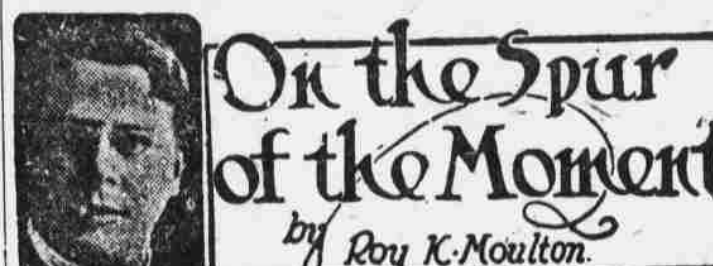
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On the Spur of the Moment

by Roy K. Moulton.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

The use of binder twine and the contents of upholstered sofas as the vital portions of cigars has come into vogue since America entered the war. It seems to be continuing with success since the signing of the armistice.

The substitution of the slide trombone for music in many of the cafe orchestras has become so general that it is now taken as a matter of course. In fact, it is the slide trombone that really put the toot in substitute.

The imitation Bronx cocktail is accepted quite generally now without complaint. While it is impossible to use an expensive substitute, such as gasoline, in the cocktail, science has come to the rescue with certain ingredients which lend the desired taste, however much they may lack authority and punch.

In the gentle paths of diplomacy it is customary to get results by following the ancient laws—a lie for a lie and a truth for a truth.

A CLERICAL ERROR.

It chanced like this: Attorney Small, Touching the estate of Mary Cryder, Dictated thus: "And in the fall."

She put her apples down in cider." Which, when his youthful typist heard, Although her eyes grew wide and wider, She wrote it down without a word: "She put her apples down inside her."

—Walter Pulitzer.

ELEVATING THE DRAMMER.

If the conductorette is busy with a pad and pencil and fails to stop her car when you want to get off, treat her gently. She is writing a play. If the barkeep stands with his back to you for 20 minutes when you are in a hurry to catch a train, do not disturb his muse. He would like to have you think he is adding up the day's takings, but he isn't. He is busy on the second act of his play.

The teamsters are writing plays while waiting at corners for traffic signals, and the barbers are jotting down ideas on the shaving paper between strokes of their razors.

The other day, when a street car ran off the track and down an embankment, 15 amateur playwrights got their manuscripts all mixed up, and the public is going to have some trouble in getting the run of the plots. These plays will probably be called "revues," which start nowhere and end three miles farther down the road.

Between the writing of plays, and even during the writing of them, people follow many professions and trades. So long as he is writing a play, the average man doesn't care what he does on the side to make a living. There is even one man who drives a hearse in the afternoon and writes on his play mornings and evenings.

An average of 385 authors are writing plays on the same subject. The next 385 are at the same time writing plays on another subject. The two subjects being different in that in one of them the husband fools the wife and in the other the wife fools the husband.

Out of a possible 2,946,465 plays written every year, 87,465 of them are read by producers, 465 are accepted for production, 65 are produced and five last more than two weeks.

But it's a great game, and just as profitable as gadding the streets.

Secretary Baker says the thing for everybody to do is to go to work. And he should have added that everybody should work after they get there.